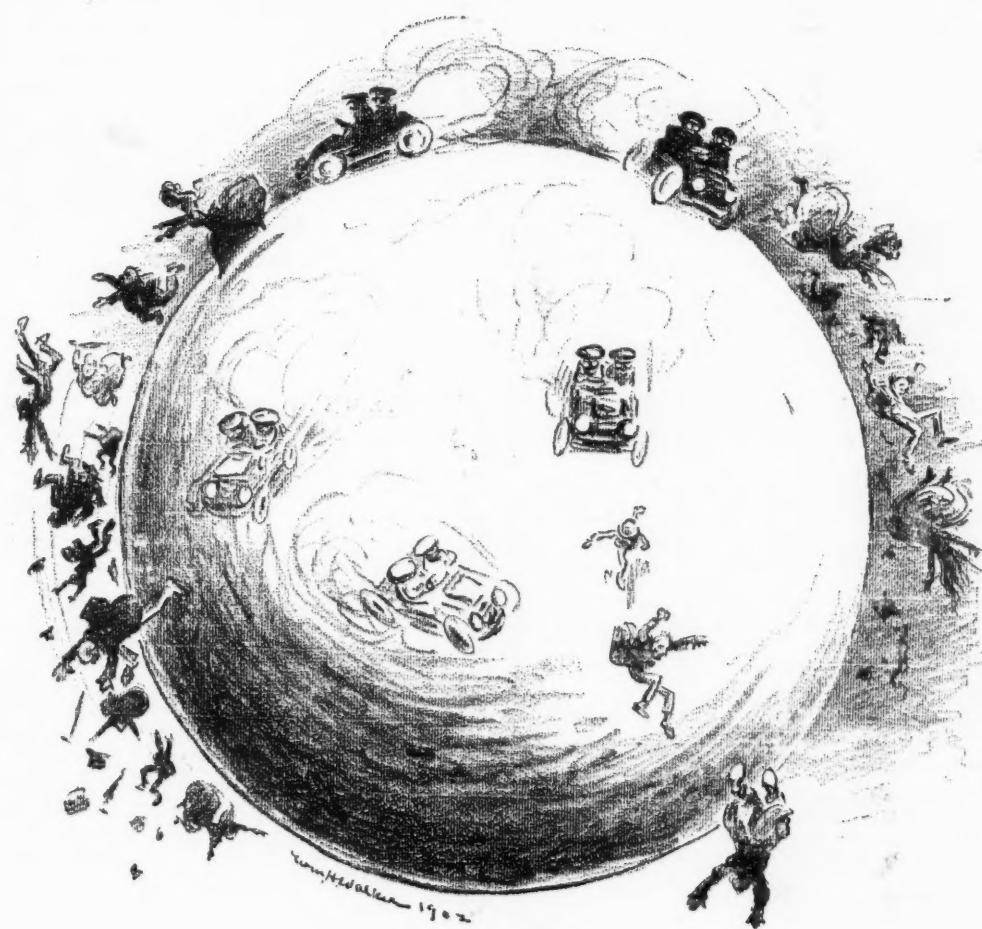


VOLUME XL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1902.

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NUMBER 1047.



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LIFE



She: Now that we are to be married, we must begin to save. Promise me you will do nothing you cannot afford. "But in that case, I would have to break off the engagement."

My Ship.

(SONG OF A PESSIMIST.)

I WONDER when the day will come
For which I've waited long,
When all my sorrowing is done
And life is one glad song,
When every debt is off the slate,
My promises made true,
When I'll be good and wise and great
And have a cent or two;
When care and grief have passed away
And peace and joy begin:
Upon the glad and happy day
When my fair ship comes in.

I sit beside the restless sea
And list the billows roar,
To wonder when they'll bring to me
The bliss I'm waiting for;
But as I call to mind how fate
Pursues her fickle way,
And usually brings too late
The gifts for which we pray,
I sigh and bow my weary head
To hide my deep chagrin—
I know I'll be a long time dead
When that old ship comes in.

John Wallis Clearman.

Literary Note.

ROY ROLFE GILSON, author of *Father, Mother, Grandfather, Grandmother, Aunt, Uncle, Brother, Sister*, and the rest of the family, has entered into partnership with Martha Farquharson, the well-known authoress of *Elsie Dinsmore, Elsie's Father, Elsie's Schooldays, Elsie's Holidays, Elsie's Marriage, Grandmother Elsie, Elsie's Widowhood, Elsie's Second Childhood*, and others. The first result of this notable literary union of minds is likely to be a family serial.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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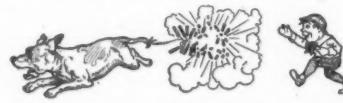
ON the whole, we had a pretty thoughtful election, with results that ought to make for good behavior and the increase of righteousness. It was most interesting here in New York State. Judge Gray, whose name ought to have been on both tickets, but was kept off the Republican ticket by Senator Platt, was reelected to the Court of Appeals. That was the best thing that happened, and the next best was the defeat of Attorney-General Davies, who was forced by the Republican machine on the voters of the Fifth District as their candidate for Judge. They didn't want him and would not have him, but elected a better man.

Governor Odell was reelected by a majority so small that it must have left him in doubt whether his reorganization of the State charities was really worth while. He has had a chastening experience. Mr. Coler, under Mr. David Hill's supervision, came so near winning that it is pretty generally felt that a stronger candidate, unhampered by Mr. Hill's devotion, would have carried the State. In Greater New York Coler ran surprisingly well, though outside of New York Hill seems to have lost him votes. Mr. Hill can hardly be a candidate for the Presidency in 1904. That much is gained.

But why did Coler get such a huge vote in Greater New York? Is Mr. Low's administration a failure? It has been disappointing in some partic-

ulars, but it is a far better administration than Tammany's, and in the Police and Fire Departments, where it is least satisfactory, it is likely to improve. The evidence that Coler's big vote was due to Low is not at all conclusive. New York has not had too much reform. It has not had enough.

Congress is still Republican in both branches. President Roosevelt's great popularity seems to be attested by Republican gains in the West, and there is every prospect that he will be his own successor in the White House, but it is evident that the Democratic party is getting very strong, that conservative voters are less afraid of it than they were, and that if the Republicans are to stay in power they must earn their wages. Pennsylvania, one of the most disgracefully governed of all the States, went Republican by a huge majority. Republicanism and virtue are by no means synonymous. The tariff has got to be modified, the trusts have got to be regulated, and if the Republicans don't do it the Democrats surely will.



COULD there have been a more scandalous accident than the explosion of fireworks which killed people by the dozen and injured them by the score in Madison Square on election night? The fireworks were provided by Mr. Hearst to celebrate his election to Congress. They did celebrate it rather suitably—a disaster by a disaster—but he is not criminally responsible for that. The blame seems to lie partly with the Board of Aldermen, who suspended the city ordinance about fireworks, but surely, also, there was a grave defect of judgment in bringing such pieces to such a place. The fireworks makers have come to be altogether too homicidal. They make and sell, with scarcely any restriction, any sort of destructive fabrication that any one will buy. Their bombs and cannon crackers did a vast amount of harm last Fourth of July. They seem to need looking after, and perhaps this calamitous accident, besides leading to proper and

stable fireworks ordinances in New York, will put these dealers-in-destruction under reasonable restraint.



REPORTS from Yonkers say that since the automobilist who tipped the Yonkers trolley car off its track has been sent to jail the other automobilists go slow in Yonkers's streets. Three or four hundred automobiles traverse the city every Sunday. They used to whirl through with a rush, but now they go moderately. This is an excellent result of punishment. Some of the papers say that Mr. Raymond, the driver who is now in jail, was not to blame for the accident, and that it was the trolley car that was really at fault. That was matter for the court to decide, and the court decided, but if the trolley car men were to blame, the public would be glad to have them sojourn in jail for a season also. As between trolley cars and automobiles, it is a case of the devil take the foremost. They both need attention, as President Roosevelt will testify.



WE are getting some coal, and the price has greatly moderated, which is a great relief. Some of our more affluent families can afford once more to buy a ton of coal and go to the theatre the same night. The President's Commission has inspected the anthracite mines and received from the Miners' Union a statement of its demands, and from the operators their reply. Their report, when it comes, will make interesting reading. No doubt the mines will continue to be worked on the terms the arbitrators designate, whatever they are. We shall be grateful for this result of their labors, but the thing we shall watch for closest is the fate of the non-union miners. Will the independent workers be driven out of the mines? Will they be driven into the Union? Those are more important questions than any that concern wages or hours of work.

Life's Dictionary of International Biography.

MARY BAKER EDDY.

A MORTAL mind dispeller, souvenir spoon agent, claim destroyer and general collector of all kinds of money. Also chief superintendent of a prosperous miracle factory at Concord, open day and night, and the only one where a strike never occurs, or the wages paid are even complained of.

Mrs. Eddy, unlike Hetty Green, did not inherit the foundation of her fortune, but acquired it herself by constant prayer and office visits. Like



On Easy Street.

Hall Caine, Mrs. Eddy has taken the plot of her work of fiction from the Bible, but, unlike that eminent author, has never thought it necessary to write more than one volume, this making enough to make both ends double over and meet on the other side.

Mrs. Eddy was not born, but demonstrated some three-score years ago; and she early evinced her psychic powers, being able to tell a Government bill from a \$500 note in the dark, and even then being firmly convinced that \$300 was not too much to charge for six weeks' tuition in her special pipe-dream course.

Boston was at that time a little struggling town, situated just back of Wendell Phillips and Waldo Emerson,

and she took it up and made it famous, and helped to develop it into the principal municipal religion incubator of the United States.

When a young girl, Mrs. Eddy was one day reading that famous riddle, "When is a door not a door?" and being struck with its tremendous philosophy, turned to the Bible and evolved an answer in "Science and Wealth, with Key to the Safe Deposits Vaults," which proved successfully that we are only such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little lives are rounded by a five-dollar seance. From that time on our heroine was on Easy Street.

There have been many skeptics who have doubted the real reasonableness of Mrs. Eddy's health trust, but it is only necessary to quote the distinguished lady herself in her own defense.

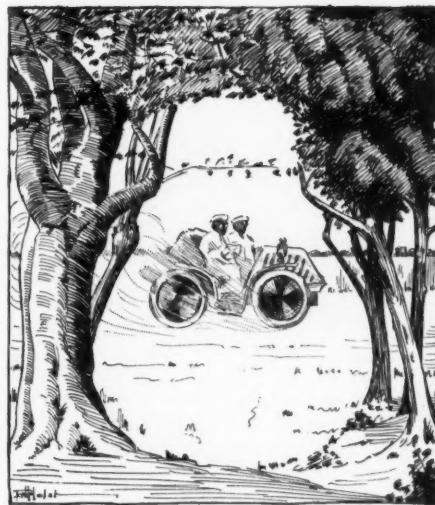
"The proof of my system," she says, "lies in its demonstration," and it is well known that she has demonstrated nearly half a million.

Her favorite occupations are: Transferring real estate and not being seen.

Principal works: "Tag, You're It," "Heeling as a Fine Art," "It's Up to You," "A Cure for Epitaphs," "The Gates Not Ajar," "Mortal Cash," etc.

Tom Masson.

AND THE DEAD.



THE QUICK—

Gratifying.

INTENSE Americans will be gratified by the report that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is dressing her serving-men like George Washington, this winter.

Everybody is well aware that Mrs. Vanderbilt might, did she choose, dress her butlers, equerries, chamberlains and the rest like Solomon in all his glory, or King Edward in the grand finale of his coronation, or the Akoond of Swat.

The fact that she finds a sufficient pattern without going abroad cannot but appeal strongly to the sense of national selfhood.

IF it wasn't for silly hens, the fox would not have his reputation.

Modern.

"A REN'T you fond of the old masters?"

"I think the new masters—Morgan, Schwab and Rockefeller—appeal to me more."

THE Mad Mullah is a mystery.

Does the fellow fancy himself too powerful and important to have blessings of liberty bestowed on him, or is it a plain case of one who doesn't know when he has had enough?

A WIFE is always important, if true.



*EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.
"HE FELT THAT SHE WAS ABOVE HIM."*



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A DISCREET APPROACH.

"ADVISE ME, UNCLE JACK."

"OF COURSE; WHAT IS IT?"

"SHALL I ASK YOU FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, OR FOR FIFTY?"



ON THE BOARD WALK.

He : DARLING, MY LOVE FOR YOU KNOWETH NO BOUNDS.



IS it a subtle realization of the evanescence of their medium of art expression which makes the actor so prone to autobiography? The work of the painter, the sculptor, the writer can move unnumbered audiences. Even the orator leaves behind him the skeleton of his eloquence. The actor's masterwork dies with his last hearer. This reaching out for some more enduring hold upon the remembrance of his fellows has, from its very inadequacy, an element of pathos. This feeling is very strong in reading *The Recollections of a Player*, by James H. Stoddart, although it is the expression of a charming personality and another link in the chain to the student of stage history. (The Century Company. \$1.80.)

Appearing at the same time and dealing with kindred subjects, *Gabriel Tolliver*, by Joel Chandler Harris, is a contrasting companion piece to F. Hopkinson Smith's *Fortunes of Oliver Horne*. Each volume is inspired by the recollections of its author and each is eloquent of their respective personalities. Mr. Harris's Georgia is less idealized than Mr. Smith's Maryland. His characters are genre studies of less hackneyed types. The interest of his story is greater, while its charm is less marked. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

From the flimsiest of materials, an anonymous correspondence, a chance meeting, an inevitable parting, materials from which it would seem

that all fictional interest had been long since distilled, the Baroness Van Hutton has extracted a very human little tale which she calls *Our Lady of the Beeches*. It is one of the stories one reads and is surprised to find that one remembers. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

In the last days of Mexican supremacy in the Californias Gertrude Atherton finds material much to her taste for a volume of glowing and tragic tales called *The Splendid Idle Forties*. One is somewhat surfeited with the stage properties, the gold and jewels, the velvet and lace, the mantillas and serapes of these Castilian exquisites, but underneath it all there is much life and dramatic intensity. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

American politics and blank verse have never gone well in double harness, nor can either of them be called a good lady's horse. Both facts are emphasized in *The Imperial Republic, a Drama of the Day*, by Elizabeth G. Crane, although Mark Hanna (as villain) and Aguinaldo (as victim), spouting pentameters to the tragic muse, are genuinely funny. (The Grafton Press.)

Just So Stories is a volume of animal tales by Rudyard Kipling, gathered from Eastern legends and from the author's head. They say that dogs and children know their friends instinctively, and certainly no child can read one of these stories without instantly perceiving the secret signal. They are illustrated by the author, and, used as we are to new evidences of versatility from Mr. Kipling, his drawing is a surprise and his explanations of his drawings are irresistible. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.20.)

The children's books for the year, indeed, are unusually attractive. *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus*, by L. Frank Baum, is a story well calculated to charm the youngsters for more than one season. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.) *The Princess Kalisto* is another of the best, written by William Dana Orcutt, and artistically illustrated by Harriette Amsden. (Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00.) J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

Love Songs and Other Poems, by Owen Inniss. (The Grafton Press.)

The Song of the Wedding Bells, by William Bonnie Ockham. (The Grafton Press.)

John Gildart, by M. E. Henry Ruffin. (William H. Young and Company.)

Tasty Dishes Made from Tested Recipes, (R. F. Fenn and Company. 50c.)

The Correct Thing in Good Society, by Florence Howe Hall. (Dana, Estes and Company. 75c.)

A Little Book of Ping-Pong Verse. (Dana, Estes and Company. 75c.)



"I WISH I WAS A POLLY-WOG."
"WHY?"
"'CAUSE I COULDN'T BE SPANKEED."

TELL a man he mustn't, and he will; tell a woman she mustn't, and you'll see.

A Vital Question.



WHICH is the worst daily newspaper in the United States, and why?

LIFE would like to have this question definitely settled. With that in view we offer

A PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD

for the cleverest contribution showing why any particular daily newspaper is the worst in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close March 1, 1903, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. *In no case will these be printed without permission of the sender.* Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.

Fare.



LL fares the land, and that in various ways,
Where wealth accumulates, and health decays.
Instead of good, substantial bread and meat,
Some malted, predigested mush we eat—
We break our fast with mush, off mush we lunch,
At dinner mush, and yet more mush we munch.

IT takes to-morrow to show ourselves what fools we were but yesterday.

"WHERE is that mathematical phenomenon that was here last year? Wonderful, the way he could juggle with figures."

"Oh, he's left the stage and gone with a gas company."

Pedagogy.

"BUT," objected the visitor, "quite a number of your pupils have broken down and become imbeciles."

"True," replied the eminent educator, "but we confidently expect better things in the future. The bacillus of overstudy having now been identified and a serum for its destruction devised, we look for no further trouble of the kind you mention."

Plant Emblems of a Few American Cities.

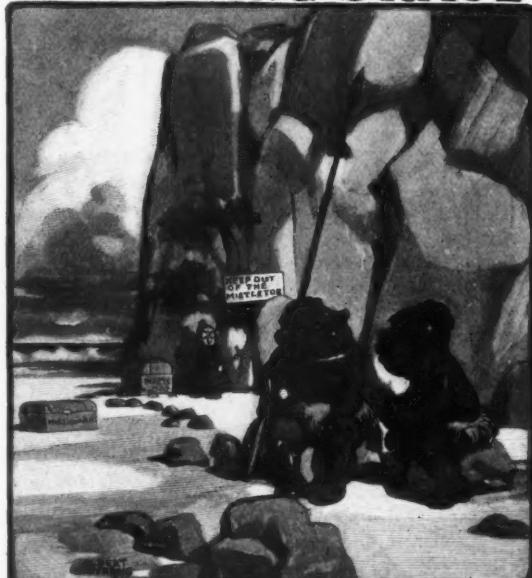
BOSTON: Bean plant. NEW YORK: Hybrid of the potato and the wandering Jew vine. PHILADELPHIA: Poppy. CHICAGO: Prairie rose. MILWAUKEE: Hop plant. NEW ORLEANS: Moonflower.



Mr. Turkey: HURRAH! THERE WILL HARDLY BE ANY COAL FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

Mrs. Turkey: A VERY LITTLE WILL DO US.

THE SAVING GRACE



1st Cannibal: "I say, old chap, you eat her."

2nd Cannibal: "O, I say, I hardly think she'd fancy that."

1st Cannibal: "Well,what then?"

2nd Cannibal: "Aw, let's join her blooming church."



THE PROPER SPIRIT.

"ARRH! GET OFF THE EARTH!"
"I AM, SIR. MAY I COME DOWN AFTER YOU HAVE PASSED?"

An Unheard-of Literary Feat!

MR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY WRITES EIGHT ARTICLES AT ONE TIME.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD ALONE BEATS HIM WITH A POT-BOILER.

MR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, the distinguished Protean literator, performed a startling feat on Thursday night at the rooms of the Flatbush Athenaeum, by composing two sermons, two chapters of a serial, two short stories, a poem, a regular pot-boiler, and a child's story, in two hours, against eight other famous writers severally occupied on similar subjects. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and the Rev. Newton D. Hillis each composed a sermon; Mr. Hamlin Garland wrote two chapters of a serial; Miss Molly Elliot Seawell and Mr. T. Jenkins Hains each wrote a short story; Mr. Henry Van Dyke, a poem; Miss Daskam, a

child's story; and Mr. F. Marion Crawford (by permission of his publishers), a pot-boiler.

In eight sound-proof booths in the hall were eight phonographs for Mr. Brady's use; and in eight others were similar instruments for his opponents. When the word was given, Mr. Brady darted into the booth marked "Serial," and was at work before most of his rivals had reached their places. After less than three minutes, he entered the "Poem" booth, where he stayed half a minute. Then he entered the first "Sermon" booth, where he stayed six minutes. In the second he spent the same time, and did not enter these booths again.

Within twenty minutes, it was evident that Mr. Brady had reduced the matter of literary production to a business, for he proceeded up and down the row of booths methodically, staying in, each just five minutes, no matter what the subject on which he was working.

The judges, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Prof. Brander Matthews, decided that Mr. Brady had won six of the eight events, had tied with Dr. Parkhurst on a sermon, and had lost to Mr. Marion Crawford on the pot-boiler. In the auction which followed, the *Herald* outbid the *Journal* for the sermons, and the other articles, except Mr. Crawford's pot-boiler, were secured by the McClure Syndicate; there was considerable excitement over the two serials, the *Century* running the Syndicate hard. Mr. Crawford's pot-boiler was claimed by his publishers, in accordance with notice given beforehand.

Of Knighthood's Faded Flower.

NEED no book of ancient days
To lure me to the whirling ways
Where to and fro the courtiers dance
And bend before their queen, Romance.
True to their ill-famed plays!
No laurel wreath nor crown of bays
Slips from their dusty steeds that prance
To dim fanfares. Of ancient France
I need no book.
Let those who will dead knighthood praise,
Or on Beaucaire's red roses gaze
In some new-bound, ink-scented book—
To me Myrtilla's merest look
Is more than all their bauble plays.
I need no book.

George James.



Professor Ant (to pupil): OH, YES! THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT THIS BEING AN EXTINCT VOLCANO. YOU CAN TELL BY THE LACK OF VEGETATION.



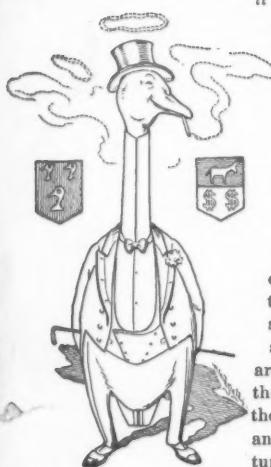
•LIFE•



AMERICANS, THEY DIE, GO TO PARIS."



Fancy and Frivolity.



"AND are the people, then, so ignorant?" asks *The King of The Councillor* in "The Children of Kings" when he is told that as a rule the people, without reason and without thought, choose the worse instead of the better.

Mr. Martin Harvey in *propria persona* might, with equal justice, ask the same question when he sees the usual type of Tenderloin show turning people from the doors and so dainty a conceit as "The Children of Kings" playing to a half-empty theatre. To be sure, the enjoyment of this German legend presupposes the possession of at least a little imagination and some appreciation of what is poetic. These things are rare to find in the Tenderloin, although, if the American stage is to be taken as a standard, the Tenderloin is the centre, the source, and the inspiration of American stage culture.

"The Children of Kings" is fanciful to a high degree. It tells the story of a young prince who had lived in seclusion with his books and dogs, being suddenly called to the practical duties of the throne. He finds himself so little equipped for the task that he leaves his kingdom kingless, while he mixes with the people, to learn their nature and their wants. This involves wandering, hardship, falling in love with a goose-girl, who turns out to be of royal blood, and incurring the enmity of a particularly venomous witch. Of course, everything comes out well in the end, and through it all runs a vein of mingled sentiment, pathos and mysticism, emphasized by the accompanying music of Humperdinck.

It is unfortunate that actors ever have to consider family ties in matters of their art. In this case Mr. Harvey handicaps the play and himself by assigning the two important female characters to members of his immediate family. *The Goose Girl* and *The Witch* are so much in the picture that they should be portrayed by very competent artists, which Miss De Silva and Mrs. De Solla certainly are not. Mr. Harvey himself essays here a more sprightly rôle than *Carton*, and enters fully into its spirit. His English is delightful to hear, and in looks and grace and winsomeness, he is the young perplexed *King* to perfection. Of Mr. Haviland as *The Minstrel* and Mr. Wright as *The Councillor*, our American actors might well take example in delivery and accent. It would make for the improvement of the language in America if all our actors spoke it as do the principal actors in this company.

It may be said for this pretty piece that its audiences heard it respectfully, even if they didn't know what it was about.

THE supply of English names for American theatres seems to be pretty well exhausted. The "Princess's" about reached the limit. Having exhausted England and having in mind the

controlling influences in American theatricals, it might be well now to turn to Palestine. We are likely soon to see the "Jerusalem," the "Israel," the "Yum Kippur," the "Kosher," and the "Mazuma" theatres in active operation.



THE teachings of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" are in no wise immoral, but the successful outcome of *Geraldine's* love affair with the foreign titled person may perhaps encourage a tendency on the part of young American women with rich papas and foolish mammas, which is already too pronounced. Of course, the play is neither logical nor probable, logic and probability not being among Mr. Clyde Fitch's strong points. But it is very amusing, it is equally polite, and it provides a very happy medium for the display of Mary Mannerling's agreeable personality. It taxes her dramatic powers not at all; in fact, the whole thing is just a bit of stage froth, pleasing while it lasts, but leaving no impression behind it. It presents two or three of realistic small bits from real life which Mr. Fitch is so prompt to seize upon and so deft in reproducing. Most notable of these are the deck life on the ocean steamer and the arrival at the house after landing. In the cast, which is good throughout, the German companion of Anita Rothe and the girl from Butte of Amy Ricard stand out as very clever pieces of character acting.

To sit through "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" may not conduct to lofty endeavor, but it is certainly good for "that tired feeling."

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"The Ninety and Nine." Melodrama, with realistic fire scene. Worth seeing.

Belasco.—Last week but one of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." Elaborate and absorbing emotional play.

Broadway.—"The Silver Slipper." Fairly amusing musical comedy.

Casino.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical play. Funny and tuneful.

Criterion.—Virginia Harned as the heroine in Pinero's unclean society play, "Fris."

Daly's.—"A Country Girl." The best of the musical plays now running.

Empire.—H. V. Esmond's "Imprudence." Notice later.

Garden.—Mrs. Lemoyne in "Among Those Present." Notice later.

Garrick.—Mary Mannerling in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." See above.

Herald Square.—Martin Harvey in repertoire. An excellent actor.

Madison Square.—Last week of "The Two Schools." French farce. More amusing than clean.

Mrs. Osborn's Play-house.—"Tommy Rot." Amateurish musical piece.

Princess.—Weedon Grossmith in "The Night of the Party." Funny.

St. Nicholas Rink.—Bostock's clever trained animals.

Savoy.—"Carrots" and "A Country Mouse," with Ethel Barrymore as the heroine in each. Interesting and amusing.

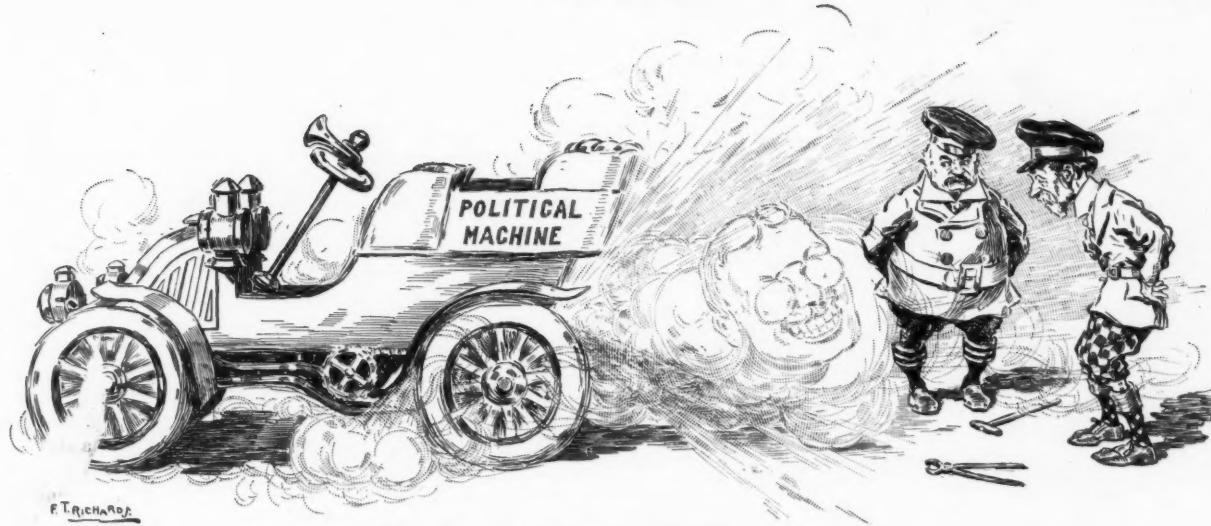
Victoria.—Viola Allen in "The Eternal City." Notice later.

Wallack's.—James K. Hackett in "The Crisis." Notice later.

Weber and Fields.—Burlesque and vaudeville. Excellent seats may be had from speculators at prohibitive prices.



"DON'T CRY, MY DARLING, HE'LL SOON HAVE IT OUT."



Mr. Morgan: ISN'T THE MOTIVE POWER A LITTLE TOO—TOO—
Mr. Platt: YES, I THINK IT IS.

Some New Health Foods.

BUTTS: Greatest ever. Two teaspoonfuls of Butts with an ounce of water will increase your waist measurement two feet in thirty minutes.

LEAVINGS: Nothing like 'em. Good for Historical Novelists, Prize-fighters, Parsons, Politicians and Idiots.

BRISTLES: Only the fine bristles from selected whisk-brooms are used. Delicious with condensed milk. A perfect food. Stimulates the lining of the stomach.

GULPA-DOWN-A: The new concentrated essence. Can be eaten anywhere. Balloonists have used it to sustain them while falling from immense heights. Cooked or uncooked, it makes no difference. Send for sample barrel.

GRITTINGS: This celebrated old-timer was discovered by a poultryman, who observed the fine effect of gravel on his hens. Made from pure New Hampshire granite. It makes you strong! It has been predigested by ostriches specially reared for the work, and is guaranteed to lay a sound foundation to health. Put up in slabs, ten for a dime. It cleans the teeth at the same time, thus doing away with the antiquated tooth-brush.

MAT-MATS: Always the standard! Specially prepared from A1 Chicago door mats ground up by a new process. It cleans out the system! It adds red, white and blue corpuscles to the blood while you wait! Put up in pound packages for thirteen cents, or ten for fifteen cents. Eaten with a funnel. Buy our special funnels, shaped to fit the æsophagus.

PULP: You have never lived before if you haven't tried Pulp. The new food. Just out—and in. It is made entirely from linen paper, and not only nourishes the body, but takes the place of underwear. As a brain food it has no equal. Sold by the quire or ream, and eaten with linseed oil.

SEAWEEDITIS: For invalids and convalescents. This delicate preparation is made from the best South Atlantic grass, and can be assimilated by the most delicate stomach. It is best taken with salt water, and makes the bones fairly ache with strength. It teaches you to swim under water. Buy it and float!

T. M.

OFTEN when a society woman's "cheeks burn," you can detect the odor of burning paint.

"ARE you afraid of fire?"
"Oh, no. I go regularly to the New York theatres."

A Dead Winner.

VACCINATION, take your place Ready for the (human) race. Christian Science may despatch Some the auto doesn't catch Or the surgeon's knife deface. Others by the trolley base May be hurried into space— But you're still without a match, Vaccination.

Poison wine, in any case, So you need not fear disgrace. Though you always start from "scratch," None from you the palm may snatch— You can set them all a pace, Vaccination! *Frank Roe Batchelder.*



TAKING AN EXCEPTION.

Society Shines.



find themselves far from home and club and compelled to submit to the coarse handling of persons not qualified by either birth or education to minister to the wants of the elect.

Mrs. Holdup has for some time been cognizant of this and has accordingly equipped her new parlors in a manner that does credit to her long familiarity with the usages of the most exclusive society, and is certain to be keenly appreciated by those persons who care to demonstrate their innate refinement by enrolling themselves among her patrons.

A reporter who called on Mrs. Holdup yesterday found her deeply engrossed in business matters incident to her new enterprise, but ready as ever to receive him courteously and explain her unique scheme—the only one of its kind the town has ever known.

"My experience as a society business woman," said Mrs. Holdup, "has taught me that New York contains a large number of people who appreciate elegance, refinement and exclusiveness, and are willing to pay liberally for

SOCIETY, if its most diligent chroniclers are to be believed, is agog over the latest manifestation of Mrs. Nervine Holdup's versatile genius. Mrs. Holdup, who has been well known in the most exclusive society ever since she opened a candy store three years ago, is at present conducting the luxurious "Polite Polishing Pedal Parlors," which have taken such a strong hold on the fancy of the "four hundred."

For many years, society men have felt the need of an establishment in which they could have their shoes polished amid refined and dainty surroundings and by artists of acknowledged social position. Even the most accomplished man-servant finds it impossible to produce a lustre that will defy rain and mud, and so it frequently happens that even men of the most exclusive social circles

these accessories whenever they are put before them. Persons of this class feel that it is worth something extra to feel that their clothes are cut by a society lady, their boutonnieres put together by a society gentleman, and their shoes polished under polite conditions in the rarefied atmosphere of choice society, and under the personal supervision of a woman who, like myself, is thoroughly familiar with the usages of the best society and the requirements of society people."

There are two departments in Mrs. Holdup's place of business—one for society ladies and the other for society gentlemen. In one a white-capped maid is in attendance; in the other a footman in purple livery takes the patron's card and carries it to Mrs. Holdup's secretary, who looks it up in the social register. If it is not found in that Psalm of Life references must be furnished. It is not until the patron's social position is vouched for that Mrs. Holdup will consent to make an appointment for a shoe polish the next afternoon.

The hours for blacking are from four to six, during which time Mrs. Holdup, assisted by several well-known society women, serves tea in the palm-room adjoining the studio where the artists work. The polishing in both departments is done entirely by ex-domestics of millionaires, and after it is over the patrons are at liberty to stroll through the palm-room, where they will be received by Mrs. Holdup and her friends precisely as if they were at a fashionable function. On Saturday afternoons an additional zest is imparted to the conversation in the palm-room by the presence of a Hungarian band.

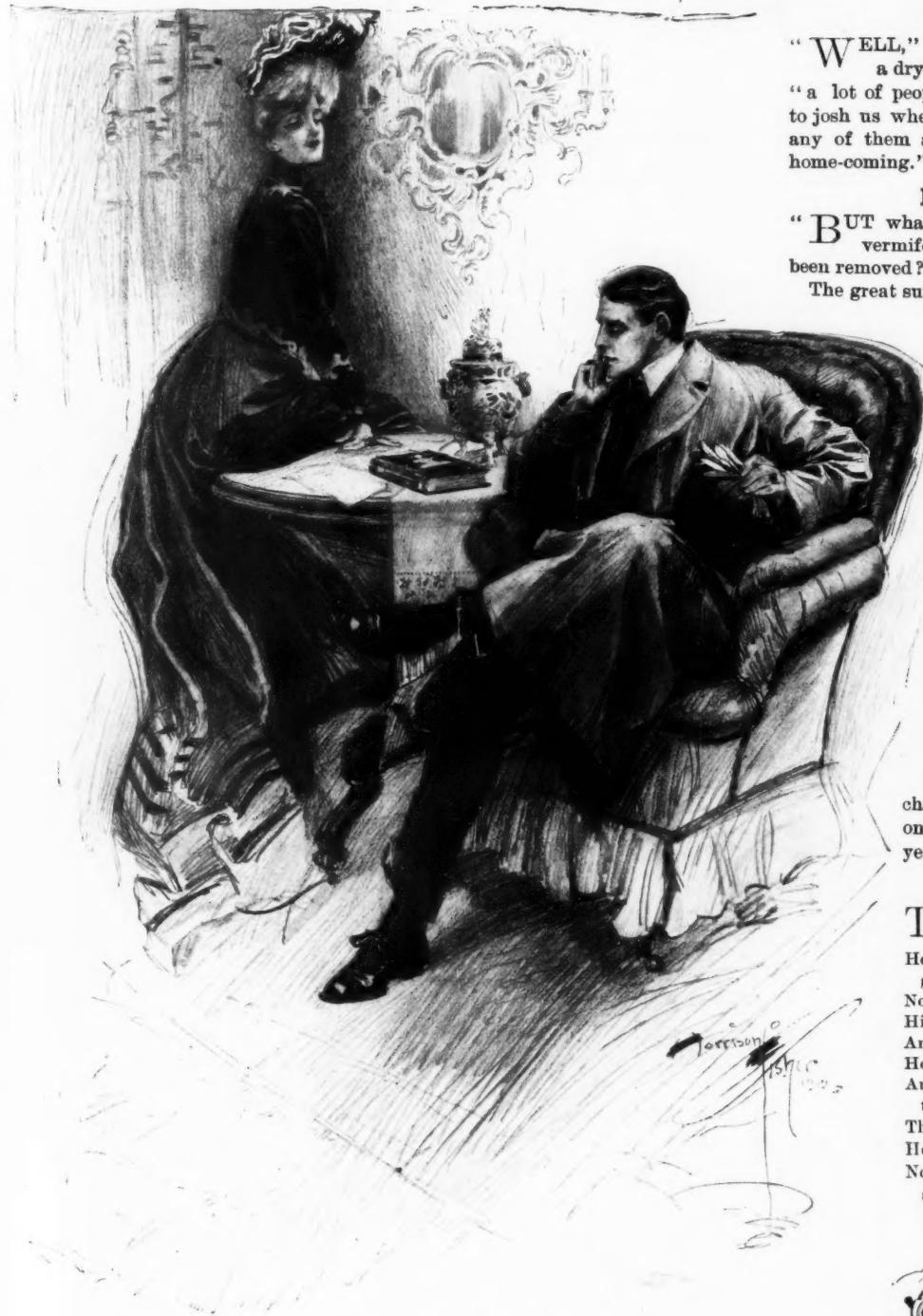
"It is needless to say," remarked Mrs. Holdup, "that in my parlors such coarse expressions as 'Shine 'em up, boss!' and 'Maka da gooda shine, boss!' are strictly forbidden, as liable to offend the sensibilities of the really refined society people to whom I cater. Instead, the attendant waves a perfumed handkerchief and says, 'Will you do us the honor, sir, or madame, to enthrone yourself?'"

In view of all these luxurious accessories, Mrs. Holdup has decided to make a slight increase in the current prices for shoe blacking and charge fifty cents for one of her delightful society shines. N. B.—In order to meet the demand for ultra-exclusive polishing, Mrs. Holdup has associated with her in her new enterprise Mr. Reginald Fattwitz, whose honey, made exclusively by society bees on his property in Westchester, is to be found on every well-appointed breakfast table. Mr. Fattwitz has arranged to supervise the polishing of a limited number of pairs of shoes at a dollar a pair on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and it is promised in the interest of these special patrons, that he will in every instance spit on the brush.

J. L. Ford.



AN OBJECT LESSON.
HEARTS WILL BREAK.



A POPULAR WIDOW.

"WHY SO DISMAL?"

"I AM AFRAID OUR WEDDING TRIP WILL TAKE ALL THE CASH I HAVE SAVED UP!"

"WHAT OF IT? A WEDDING TRIP ONLY HAPPENS ONCE IN TWO OR THREE YEARS."

A Change.

"WELL," said Noah, as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to josh us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home-coming."

Humorous.

"BUT what will you do when all the verminiform appendices shall have been removed?"

The great surgeon smiled.

"I was reading only to-day," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out."

"Without killing the patient?"

"How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and laughed outright.

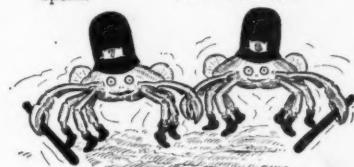
Enjoyment.

"WHY, yes," replied the chauffeur, "the goggles are rather necessary to one's thorough enjoyment of the sport. For not only do they exclude the dust, but they hinder one seeing persons who chance to get in the way, until one is fairly upon them. Oh, yes, indeed!"

The Truth of It.

THOUGH grudgingly, with many frowns,
He pays the bills for her new gowns,
No husband ever scorns to see His wife attired becomingly.
And when he notes with happy face How well she looks in silk and lace,
And proudly takes her walking through
The throngs upon the avenue,
He feels a thrill of just content,
Nor cares a hang how much he's spent.

William Hoster.



A PAIR OF PINCHERS.

LIFE.



THE UNIVERSAL HABIT.

I saw her go shopping in stylish attire,
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
Her walk was as free as a springy steel wire,
And many a rubberneck turned to admire
As she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She wondered if all the contraptions back there
Were fastened just right—'twas an unceasing care,
So she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
I saw her at church as she entered her pew;
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She had on a skirt that was rustly and new
And didn't quite know what the fastenings might do,
So she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She fidgeted round while the first prayer was said,
She fumbled about while the first hymn was read—
Oh she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
Jack told her one night that he loved her like mad;
And she felt
For her belt
At the back.
She didn't look sorry, she didn't look glad—
She looked like she thought, "Well, that wasn't so
bad."
And she felt
For her belt
At the back.
But—well, I don't think 'twas a great deal of harm,
For what should the maiden have found but an arm,
When she felt
For her belt
At the back.
—Los Angeles Herald.

WHEN Henry Hiemenz, Jr., of St. Louis, died the other day he left \$1,000,000 and a will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much. The courts should interfere in this case and wipe out the obligation as being unnecessary, cruel and oppressive.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

WIT is confined to no age or country, though some soils are more fertile in it than others. Few persons think of the great Roman orator, Cicero, as a wit. Yet the man who blasted Catiline with his lightnings and made even Caesar tremble, was famous for his jests and repartees. Niebuhr regarded his wit as the most predominant and brilliant faculty of his mind. When Cicero was told that a certain lady had said that she was but 30 years old, though she was unquestionably far older, he replied: "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so for the last ten years." Seeing one day his diminutive son-in-law, Dolabella, girl with a gigantic weapon, he asked: "Who has tied Dolabella to that sword?" "Rem acu tetigisti" ("You have pricked the thing with a needle")—that is, "You have discussed the subject acutely"), was his ironical compliment to a Senator who had been a tailor. When Damasippus, with whom he had been supping, offered him some inferior Falernian wine, saying, "It is forty years old," Cicero replied, "It bears its age well."—*Exchange*.

BAEDEKER'S is generally regarded as a harmless book. Not so in Turkey, as a German traveler

has learned to his grief. They found in his trunk "a guide through Turkey," and confiscated it. The next morning the Baedeker was returned to the German, but with more than a hundred pages, containing a description of Constantinople, torn out. The traveler went to the censor's office to complain of this inexplicable treatment of his book. But the censor explained to him, with irresistible logic, that an accurate description of Constantinople could not be suffered, since a knowledge of the locality was calculated to facilitate an attempt on the Sultan's life.—*Argonaut*.

THE difficulties of learning and using a new language are many, and the unfortunate Norwegian in this story from the Frankfort (Kan.) *Review* must have felt that his own efforts were particularly unsuccessful.

A druggist was obliged to be absent from his store one day, and his wife took his place. A large Norwegian, who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said:

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents."

"Very well," replied the druggist's wife; "just pay it to me and it will be all right."

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents."

"Yes, I understand. If you are afraid, I will give you a receipt for it."

The man looked at her in astonishment, and walked out without a word. Pretty soon he returned with a fellow countryman, whose command of English was a little better, and who interpreted his friend's remark by explaining, "He want fifty cents' worth of iodofrom."—*Exchange*.

THE man in search of a coachman looked coldly at the volatile and eager young Frenchman before him, and shook his head.

"I don't wish another valet," he said. "I have one already; there would be nothing for you to do."

"But, monsieur," pleaded the young man, with outstretched hands, "if you could conceive how little it takes to occupy me!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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That's All!

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ORIZA-L.LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well



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Playing
Cards
wear well.

Sold by dealers. Popular price. 20 backs, including new automobile designs. Order by name. Back shown is "Autobike" design. Copyrighted, 1901, by

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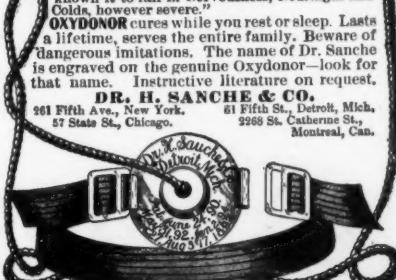
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Nature that is master of every disease from
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OXYDONOR compels the body
to absorb Oxygen from the
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LIFE.



THE "Old Lindley House" was in its day a fine structure, but it has fallen from its high estate, and the ground floor has been given over to little stores, lo, these many years. One of these was kept by a droll fellow named Jo Belton. As time went on and brought prosperity to him, he moved into a larger store in the same street, farther up-town. Passing his former place of business a day or two after his removal, I saw in the window this legend: "Gone to a better place above."—E. R. S., in *Harper's Magazine*.

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

The "Overland Limited" via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways has electric reading lamps in every berth; long distance telephone service, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath), compartment observation cars, and dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

FUSSY CLERGYMAN (angrily to attendant on the *Tuppeny Tube*): Do you allow drunken people on the train?

ATTENDANT: Sometimes, but not when they're too drunk. Just take a seat in the corner there and you'll be all right.—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

THE CHAMBERLIN at Old Point Comfort, Va., has a great chef. Historic, beautiful place. A postal brings the booklet.

"AND what brought this poor man to such a pass?"

"Ah, sir, he is the man who got up names for all the new health foods, poor chap."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"COLONEL," asked the Northern undertaker, "do you people of the South believe in cremation?"

"Sometimes, suh," replied the colonel, "when we think plain lynchin' wouldn't begin to fit the crime, suh."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

SHE had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed. "I hope you didn't spend much money while you were down town to-day," he remarked.

"Not a cent, except car fare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

A GAY picnic cannot be held without a few bottles of Cook's Champagne, *Imperial Extra Dry*. It is sparkling and delicious.

Two lines from a versified apostrophe addressed to George Frederick Cooke, by an admiring bard named Phillips, might appropriately be addressed to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who, at the age of 80, is still acting, and still giving pleasure to her audience:

"Beguiled by thee, old Time, with aspect blythe,
Leans on his sceptre and forgets his scythe!"
—*New York Tribune*.

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Beer Is Healthful

But a "green beer" --- beer insufficiently aged, half-fermented -- ferments on the stomach, causing biliousness and headaches.

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We cool Schlitz Beer in plate glass rooms, and filter all the air that touches it.

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Then we filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle after it is sealed. Sterilized beer can't have germs in it.

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Ask for the brewery bottling.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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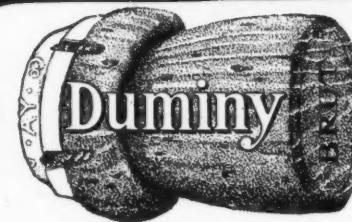
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